

The Handicap

(check orig--order off)

The description sounds better than it is...naturally enough.

Delightful metaphor anyway.

That's not what's in your chest. What's there is too heavy and too constricted. Give you new one, though hardly as jazzy.

Doctors don't dig metaphors?

Flesh isn't a figure of speech.

Suppose not.

Let's do the bookkeeping--silly forms.

Not now.

Who's to know? And uh, the, uh, disposition?

Not my wife. She left because of it. Sick of my endless giving would you believe? "Saints should only be dead."

Whatever. Working on security in the O.R.--it'll create a center there.

Oh?

All thoss greedy doctors.

Disposition of the organ?

Never trust a smiling physician. Old heart goes to ... ?

Makes sense. I don't understand.

You'd think the univwroity. They're aftor @ of course. Alleged scientific reasons.

How long before they'd auction it off?

You're not speaking of the university this hospital is connected to.

So be it.

No ons.

A

Sorry.

I can son by your smile that I am.

Daughter. My only child. Who has boon through evrything a young woman could have, uh, attempted. By giving her what she has always wanted I am relieved of the obligation to forgive.

I suppose.